

# Good Morning 517

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

**M**OST days you see the signature block of yours truly—frequently you see the name of Bill Millier and J. S. Newcombe. You probably recall such names as Stuart Martin and Dick Gordon, too. But although we were among the original team, there are a lot of other guys throughout the country who do all they can to fill these few daily columns and give you amusement.

There's Fred Reed, who covers the Newcastle area, Arthur Greated in Birmingham, Jack Richards in Cardiff, and so on.

Photographer Bill Thompson and Barney Bedford, a reporter, send us the following paragraphs summing up their reflections of nearly two years' work for "Good Morning."

"We've visited submariners' homes in Lancashire, Cheshire, Yorkshire, Staffordshire and Durham. We've shared thousands of cups of tea with your folk. They've welcomed us like long-lost brothers, given us generous helpings of the meagre meat ration, insisted that we have another cup of tea with plenty of sugar, and they've pressed us to sample the piping-hot products of an afternoon's baking.

"One Castleford (Yorks) mother loaded us up with bars of Canadian chocolate. After occasional ersatz, it was good. We've shifted the furniture to get a better angle on a picture, we've played the piano to amuse the folk at home, we've held the baby (one infant went so far as to almost ruin a new raincoat for us, but we'll not give the game away by mentioning localities), and we've helped a Leeds lady with the washing-up.

"We've taken pictures of your mothers dusting, baking, polishing the fireside, washing, mangling, painting the bedrooms, and hanging out the nappies on the backyard line.

"Children? We've shot 'em sailing boats in washing tubs, we've photographed crying kids, laughing kids, and kids with the dust of the street imprinted on their little faces, bless 'em. We've held up while Mummy dressed the youngster in his Sunday best, waited while Granny changed its diapers, or hung around until the host of youngsters in the neighbourhood dispersed.

"Some mothers, we regret to say, have been distressed at our visits. You boys would do us a good turn, and save your folk a lot of unnecessary worry, if you'd write and tell 'em about 'Good Morning.' Some

It looks like a film get-up—but no uniform serves its wearer so well as that of the wild west cowboy, says  
**MARTIN THORNHILL**



Perplexing moment for "Good Morning" photographer Thompson and reporter Bedford. Uninformed, unloved, but undismayed, they are working out the campaign for the day's calls.

mothers feel that we have some bad news about their sons, which we refuse to tell them. Other mothers think we're canvassing, and slam the door.

"THAT'S very understandable, of course, and never have we pressed any relative of a submariner into granting an interview. If the answer is no, we apologise for the trouble we might have caused and travel on to the next address.

"'Good Morning' is pretty much a ghost paper for us, you know. We rarely see it ourselves. Telegraphist George Hakin, of Deepdale (Lancs), told me: 'The lads think there is nothing like 'Good Morning.' They fight over it.'

"That bucked us up no end. We'd sometimes wondered whether the lads ever saw the pictures we'd taken and the stories we'd written. We wondered whether they knew the intimate little touches behind them.

"We had an argument with a Woolworth's manageress once

because we wanted to photograph a sailor's sweetie as she served behind the counter. Usually we have had every co-operation from managers and foremen when wanting pictures of girl-friends—but this was the exception.

"We've been despairing and disconsolate after some days on 'Good Morning' jobs—other times we've returned feeling that the world was simply oozing with the milk of human kindness.

"Taking things all round, we've really enjoyed every minute of this job, and, anyway, whatever troubles and trials we've had to go through, it's only a drop in the ocean compared with what you guys have done and are doing for us—and we're not kidding."

So there they are—now you know about them, perhaps you will give them a hand and make things easier by mentioning about the paper in your letters home.

**Ron Richards**

## Coos Carol, "Take me to Sea," P.O. George Vincent

**W**HEN we called at 1, Lindfield Road, Addiscombe, P.O. George Leslie Vincent, your wife and daughter were just going to Kennards; Carol to have a ride on the roundabouts, while your wife intended to get some new knitting patterns and some needles. So they both looked happy, and our photographer was lucky.

Mum and Dad are both keeping well, and Dad is still working late down at Wallington. Olive is at Clapham Junction, as usual. Gladys is helping Marg to look after Carol, who is certainly growing into a lovely little girl, and is chattering all the time I am writing this.

She sends her own personal message. "Hallo, Dad; hurry up and come home and take

me to the sea, and mummy's coming. Bring me home a nice new big dolly, please." She sends a big kiss by way of bribery and corruption.

Mum is making a chicken-house for Auntie Louise, using wood out of bombed houses, so the family are expecting great things from their new chippy.

Your wife says all at Harrow are keeping well, and she would like to go over and see them more often if it wasn't so far, but it's a bit difficult at the moment travelling with baby.

Your wife sends her love and says the day of your return home can't come too soon.

# Not-So-Woolly West

**E**VER been asked by the kids why Canadian and American cowboys dress as they do? The flamboyant garb of the cowboy-puncher suggests that it may have been conceived purely to make picturesque background for Wild West movies, existing only in the imagination of film producers.

Well, don't believe it. Each and every item has a special function. In fact, no "uniform" serves its wearer so well and truly as that of the Wild West cowboy.

Take the scarf, not now worn by so many of the boys as formerly. Much of the ranching country lies in sandy or dusty regions; in breezy weather the neckerchief is drawn up over the mouth to filter the air. It is useful to flick off flies and mosquitoes; many a time it serves as bandage or sling for an injured or broken limb.

Cowboys of pioneer days wore long tunics that reached to their horses' backs, but the tunic or vest of the modern puncher ends at the waist.

This makes for more comfortable riding. The fringes he so often sports on gauntlets or tunic arms are an additional aid in dispersing mosquitoes and horse flies.

Though gauntlet gloves are not often worn to-day, except in cold weather, the long, close-fitting leather cuff or wrist-gauntlet is useful as a means of gathering up the sleeve fringes, so as to free the arms for handling a lariat or rope.

It may seem strange that a modern puncher will often leave his chaps (pronounced "shaps," from the Mexican "chappareros") in his cabin. But this he does only when he knows his day's riding will not take him into brush or wooded country.

Chaps can be mighty warm in hot weather, but when there is riding to be done through brush or cactus, some sort of leg-cover is a necessity.

The woolly sheepskin type sometimes seen in films is the earlier, showy kind; plain hide is the more serviceable, therefore more popular, form, and the wide, sweeping "skirts" attached are a special protection for the horse's sensitive flanks.

High boots you naturally expect cowboys to wear—most horsemen wear them. But why high heels, as on a lady's Court shoe? Critics have suggested that it is to give added stature to impress maidens of the bush

and prairie. Don't believe that either. A huntsman or pleasure rider fits his stirrup under the ball of his foot, but the Westerner uses a longer stirrup and presses feet home to the heels.

All day in the saddle, this makes easier riding; and when there is rough-riding or roping to be done, the feet can't slip through the stirrups. Sometimes the puncher must rope a steer or horse on foot; by planting his high heels in the ground, he is less easily dragged forward by the animal at the other end.

With the principal uses of the cowboy's rope most of us are familiar. We ought to know what his gun is for, too. Yet it is not normally for protection from human foes. Nowadays it is almost as safe on the cattle ranges as in police headquarters, though usually more exciting.

But when a steer turns really nasty and charges a cowboy's horse, the puncher may have to shoot in self-defence.

A cowhorse seldom does the wrong thing, but he sometimes puts his foot in a prairie-dog's hole and breaks his leg. Then his rider may have a still more unpleasant use for his gun. A mountain lion, enemy alike of cattle and sheep, also sometimes calls for quick action from the range-rider's six-shooter.

Apart from these urgent situations, the greatest fun a cowboy gets from his gun is occasional target practice to keep his hand in.

Finally, take away a cowboy's hat and he's like a commissionaire without his medals.

It was back in the 1860s that John B. Stetson, Philadelphia hatter, arriving out West to seek a cure for T.B., went on a camping trip in the Colorado wilds, and saw something that set him feverishly trapping rabbits. With the skins he made a large wide-brimmed hat that protected him from sun, rain and wind.

A big cowboy, astride a silver-ornamented saddle, rode in, saw John B.'s show-piece, gave him five dollars for it, and rode off rejoicing. Soon more horsemen rode in, and it cut J. B. to the core to have no stocks of the new favourite.

Returning cured to Philadelphia, J. B. got right down to work. Next month found his travellers drumming the Western towns with fine felt samples of the new cowboy hat he had named "Boss of the Plains."

Orders poured in. Cowboys tossed their old lids into the brush and took to the new rig. The Texas Rangers adopted it. J. B. abandoned his whole Eastern trade and made only Stetsons. Next, Canadian Mounted Police adopted it.

Its fame spread across the Atlantic. B. P. wanted the Stetson for his Boy Scouts. The news travelled to the S. and W. Pacific, and the new hat was donned by Anzacs.

Now, just why the Stetson's 100 per cent. popularity? There are a hundred reasons. It's handy to drink out of, for fanning life into the camp fire, for blindfolding baulky horses, slapping unruly steers, fighting grass fires, replacing broken window panes, for targets in gun practice.

Then the cowboy slaps the dust off it, smooths it with his sleeve, and wears it to town and the week-end dance.

For the great thing about a Stetson is that you can't wear it out. Thousands have been in service for over thirty years. When he died, John B. was making hundreds of thousands of Stetsons every year.

Methods of ranching have changed. A good many cow-punchers have swapped the saddle for the driving wheel. There's more than a ranch or two where the foreman rides the range in a plane.

But one thing that sticks like the tan on a Dago is the J. B. Stetson.



Tom Mix dressed the part

## Its look is fit to Kill

**M**ANY people appear to believe that the dragon of heraldry, with all its varieties of griffin, hydra, wyvern and basilisk, is an extinct animal. In fact, the dragon is purely mythical, like the phoenix.

The original designers of coats-of-arms did not draw on Nature, but on their imaginations. The giant reptiles like the pterodactyles had been dead millions of years before the first coat-of-arms appeared, and, in fact, it is only recently that research has revealed their existence.

It would be fascinating to trace the evolution of heraldic dragons and show how, if the methods of mythology continue, there may in a few thousand years be a "dragon" with a tooth-brush moustache and up-raised arm, half-man, half-beast!

We must be content with the statement that the first painters of the dragon probably did not even know the animal that most resembles it to-day, the iguana of South America, then "undiscovered."

There are over 200 species, varying greatly in size up to six feet in length. One of the common species is quite harmless, and considered a tasty dish by the natives in some parts.

The nearest approach to the dragon breathing fire and smoke which St. George tackled is a species with a remarkable way of showing its displeasure.

Its eyes begin to bulge. They continue to do this until blood squirts out, shooting up to a distance of five feet! It appears to be able to aim this weapon with some accuracy and to be quite uninjured as a result of using it!

**T. S. Douglas**



We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# THE CAPTAIN'S EXPLOIT

There's a gale of laughter in this great "Two-Day" tale by W. W. JACOBS

IT was a wet, dreary night in that cheerless part of the great metropolis known as Wapping. The rain, which had been falling heavily for hours, still fell steadily on the sloppy pavements and roads, and joining forces in the gutter, rushed impetuously to the nearest sewer. The two or three streets which had wedged themselves in between the docks and the river, and which, as a matter of fact, really comprise the beginning and end of Wapping, were deserted, except for a belated van crashing over the granite roads, or the chance form of a dock-labourer plodding doggedly along, with head bent in distaste for the rain and hands sunk in trouser-pockets.

"Beastly night," said Captain Bing, as he rolled out of the private bar of the "Sailor's Friend," and, ignoring the presence of the step, took a little hurried run across the pavement. "Not fit for a dog to be out in."

He kicked, as he spoke, at a shivering cur which was looking in at the crack of the bar-door, with a hazy view of calling its attention to the matter, and then, pulling up the collar of his rough pea-jacket, stepped boldly out into the rain. Three or four minutes' walk, or rather roll, brought him to a dark narrow passage, which ran between two houses to the water-side. By a slight tack to starboard at a critical moment he struck the

channel safely, and followed it until it ended in a flight of old stone steps, half of which were under water.

"Where for?" inquired a man, starting up from a small penthouse formed of rough pieces of board.

"Schooner in the tier, *Smiling Jane*," said the captain gruffly, as he stumbled clumsily into a boat and sat down in the stern. "Why don't you have better seats in this 'ere boat?"

"They're there, if you'll look for them," said the waterman; "and you'll find 'em easier sitting than that bucket."

"Why don't you put 'em where a man can see 'em?" inquired the captain, raising his voice a little.

The other opened his mouth to reply, but realising that it would lead to a long and utterly futile argument, contented himself with asking his fare to trim the boat better; and, pushing off from the steps, pulled strongly through the dark lumpy water. The tide was strong, so that they made but slow progress.

"When I was a young man," said the fare with severity, "I'd ha' pulled this boat across and back afore now."

"When you was a young man," said the man at the oars, who had a local reputation as a wit, "there wasn't no boats; they was all Noah's arks then."

"Stow your gab," said the



captain, after a pause of deep thought, seized a rope which hung over the side, and, swaying to and fro, was certainly not loquacity, ejected fare.

The other, whose besetting sin fumbled in his pocket for the a thin stream of tobacco-juice. "Steady, old boy," said the over the side, spat on his hands, waterman affectionately. He had and continued his laborious work just received twopence-halfpenny until a crowd of dark shapes, sur- and a shilling by mistake for three- mounted by a network of rigging, pence. "Easy up the side. You loomed up before them. ain't such a pretty figger as you was when your old woman made such a bad bargain."

"Now, which is your little barge?" he inquired, tugging strongly to maintain his position against the fast-flowing tide.

"*Smiling Jane*," said his fare.

"Ah," said the waterman, "*Smiling Jane*, is it? You sit there, cap'n, an' I'll row round all their sterns while you strike matches and look at the names. We'll have quite a nice little evening."

"There she is," cried the captain, who was too muddled to notice the sarcasm; there's the little beauty. Steady, my lad."

He reached out his hand as he spoke, and as the boat jarred violently against a small schooner,

The captain paused in his climb, and poising himself on one foot, gingerly felt for his tormentor's head with the other. Not finding it, he flung his leg over the bulwark and gained the deck of the vessel as the boat swung round with the tide and disappeared in the darkness.

"All turned in," said the captain, gazing owlily at the deserted deck. "Well, there's a good hour an' a half afore we start; I'll turn in too."

He walked slowly aft, and sliding back the companion-hatch, descended into a small evil-smelling cabin, and stood feeling in the darkness for the matches. They were not to be found, and, growling profanely, he felt his way to the state-room, and turned in all standing.

It was still dark when he awoke, and hanging over the edge of the bunk, cautiously felt for the floor with his feet, and having found it, stood thoughtfully scratching his head, which seemed to have swollen to abnormal proportions.

"Time they were getting

under weigh," he said at length, and groping his way to the foot of the steps, he opened the door of what looked like a small pantry, but which was really the mate's boudoir.

"Jem," said the captain gruffly.

There was no reply, and jump-

(Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

1. An obol is a musical instrument, bird, ancient Greek coin, Roman vase, talisman, animal?
2. If you were parsimonious you would be: fond of preaching, faddy over food, mean with money, Spartan in your habits?
3. From where does Canterbury lamb come?
4. What is the difference between musk and must (the noun)?
5. Name five first magnitude stars beginning with A.
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Regularly, Regurgitate, Rehabilitate, Regenerator, Rejuvenate.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 516

1. Draw.
2. Liniment is a thin ointment; linament is a lint dressing.
3. (a) S. Rhodesia, (b) Wiltshire.
4. 1588.
5. Grain.
6. Obsession, Obsequious, Obscene, Oblivion.

## I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



COMMISERATE with Joseph Vella, Maltese hairdresser, who was for several days the most disconsolate man in Southampton.

Unshaven and glum, Joe sat in his little shop in Northam-road and turned away customers as fast as they came in.

"Sorry," he told them, "I can't do any shaves or haircuts to-day; a thief has stolen all my tools, and I can't replace them."

During the night an intruder broke into Joe's shop and cleaned out practically all his stock-in-trade, including 24 open razors, ten pairs of scissors, eight pairs of hand clippers, an electric face massage machine, and a quantity of combs, brilliantine, shaving cream and safety razor blades.

Poor old Joe, he couldn't even shave himself.

MUNICIPAL beer pavilions on the Corporation housing estate were discussed by Leicester City Council, when a report was withdrawn until a later date.

The Housing Committee asked the Council to consider whether the Corporation should manage and control premises used for the sale of intoxicants on housing estates. It was argued that the Corporation should retain a measure of control, instead of handing over sites, with enormous values, to brewers.

THE clock in the tower of the parish church at Cerne Abbas, peaceful and picturesque Dorset village, is telling the time again after being idle for four years.

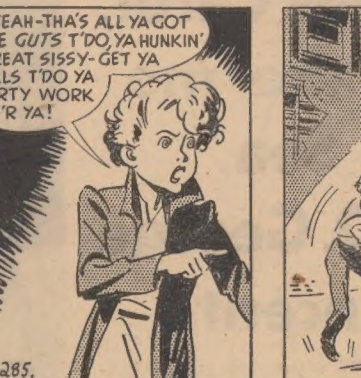
Flying bombs were indirectly responsible for setting it going again.

It happened like this: The wife and family of a London man, evacuated from their home, sought rest in Cerne Abbas. During a few days he spent with his family in the village before returning to his work in Town, the Londoner, a clockmaker, set the church clock going again.

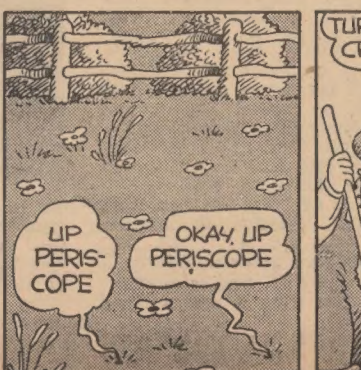
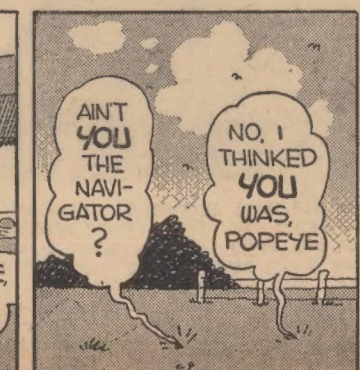
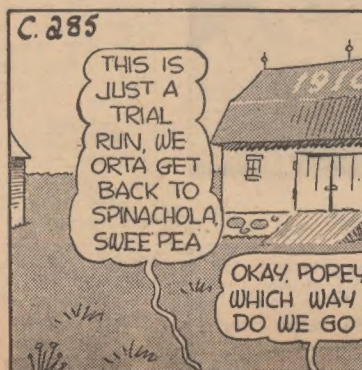
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





# WANGLING WORDS—456

1. Insert consonants in \*IO\*E\* and AU\*EO\*I\* and get two colours.

2. Here are two countries whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?  
GENSEW — NALDEND.

3. In the following four animals the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 71S89, 735436, 75D236, 48L3.

## Answers to Wangling

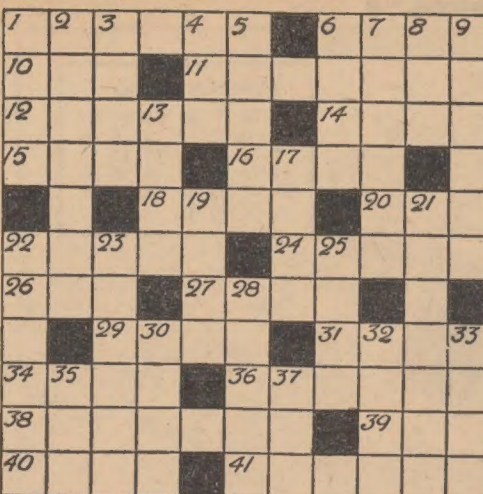
### Words—No. 455

1. PURPLE, CERULEAN.
2. GARNET — RUBY.
3. Curlew, Merlin, Thrush, Titmouse.

## JANE



## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Live stock.
- 6 Colour.
- 10 Fuss.
- 11 Number.
- 12 Blur.
- 14 Row.
- 15 Bird of prey.
- 16 Cricket tyro.
- 18 Big town.
- 20 And the rest.
- 22 Reverts.
- 24 Clothe.
- 26 Drink.
- 27 Be indolent.
- 29 Footfall.
- 31 Sort of fever.
- 34 Sussex river.
- 36 Boy's name.
- 38 Wandering.
- 39 Horse.
- 40 Swarm.
- 41 Strict.

AS FEW HAFT  
COLONEL LIE  
TWELVE PURE  
UKE TAMES  
AND LOU M  
LASSO REPAY  
T UPON ENE  
TULLE PAD A  
IRAK FINALS  
FAT LAKELET  
FLEX DEW NY

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Keg.
- 2 Chief officer.
- 3 Solicit custom.
- 4 Lump of wood.
- 5 Build.
- 6 Poster.
- 7 Joined.
- 8 Ventilator.
- 9 Wool.
- 13 Array.
- 17 Public cry.
- 19 Isolated land.
- 21 Cylindrical.
- 22 Hampshire town.
- 23 Begin again.
- 25 Parsimonious.
- 28 Insect.
- 30 Vehicle.
- 32 Left.
- 33 Rim.
- 35 Female animal.
- 37 Card.

## THE CAPTAIN'S EXPLOIT

(Continued from page two) and activity obtruded themselves ing to the conclusion that he was upon the skipper of the *Smiling* above, the captain tumbled up the steps and gained the deck, which, as far as he could see, was in the same deserted condition as when he left it. Anxious to get some idea of the time, he staggered to the side and looked over. The tide was almost at the turn, and the steady clank, clank of neighbouring windlasses showed that other craft were just getting under weigh. A barge, its red light turning the water to blood, with a huge wall of dark sail, passed noiselessly by, the indistinct figure of a man leaning skilfully upon the tiller.

As these various signs of life

As he expected, there was a complete sleeping chorus below; the deep satisfied snoring of half-a-dozen seamen, who, regardless of the tide and their captain's feelings, were slumbering sweetly, in blissful ignorance of what the *Lancel* might say upon the twin subjects of overcrowding and ventilation.

READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW.

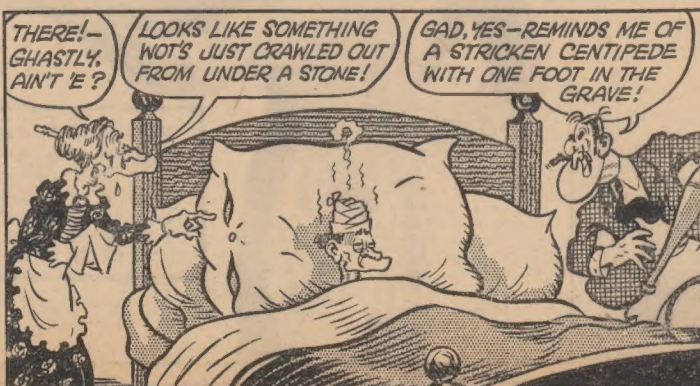
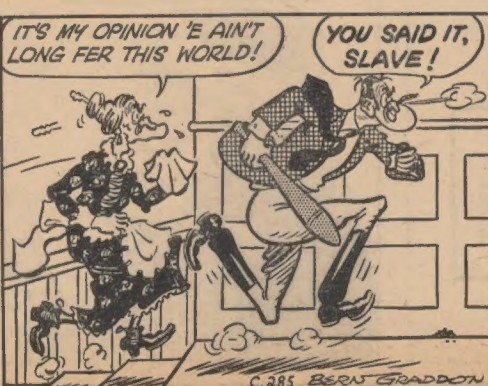
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## STARS FROM NOWHERE

HOLLYWOOD points another paradox when it tells you the chances are 10,000 to one against people in minor jobs around studios getting a chance at screen stardom, and then turns round and lists the number of actors and actresses who graduated from just such jobs.

One of the most recent instances of this was afforded by Alan Ladd, a young man quite contented with his lot as a "grip" until a director noticed him on the set, was impressed by his appearance and manner of handling himself, and ordered the screen test which led to stardom. Uncle Sam is taking advantage of his abilities at the moment, but theatre managers throughout this country and America won't forget the jangle of their telephones when a new Ladd picture was announced.

As a matter of fact, two new Alan Ladd subjects are on the way. He has made them in between one period of service and another. Titles: "And Now To-morrow" and "Two Years Before the Mast."

Years ago, a gangling, six-foot-three-inch character was doing the sometimes dirty, always tedious, chores which fall to the studio labourer. His size and coal-black hair riveted the attention of a passing producer. That attention made Hollywood history, for Fred MacMurray is to-day one of the biggest names in pictures.

Janet Gaynor, Myrna Loy, Joan Crawford, Tyrone Power, Boris Karloff, Clark Gable—these are but a few of to-day's famous Hollywoodites who caught their first glimpse of a sound stage interior while working as extras. The odds might have been heavy against them, but they hadn't heard about it.

One of the biggest names in filmdom to-day, a lanky fellow named Gary Cooper, once had as menial a job as the industry could offer. He watered the horses ridden by screen cowboys before he earned his own spurs as a Western hero, then went on to capture the imagination of England and America as one of the outstanding film stars of all time.

Kay Francis was a secretary when she earned the screen test which rocketed her to stardom.

Andy Devine was a studio gateman, and Dennis O'Keefe (now to be seen in Cecil B. De Mille's "The Story of Dr. Wassell") was an extra.

To-day, more than ever before, studio workers have a real chance of hitting the spotlight. The papers carry stories daily concerning the signing of messenger girls, secretaries, stenographers and extras to long-term contracts. They well may be the stars of to-morrow.

DICK GORDON.





**JANUARY, 1945**

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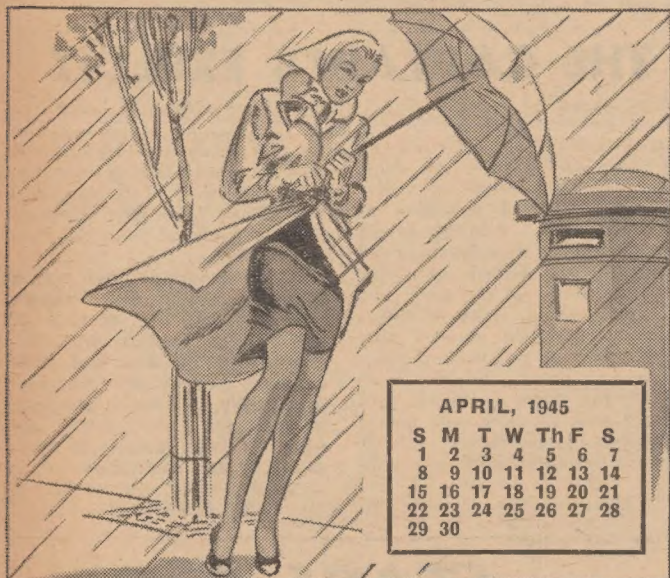
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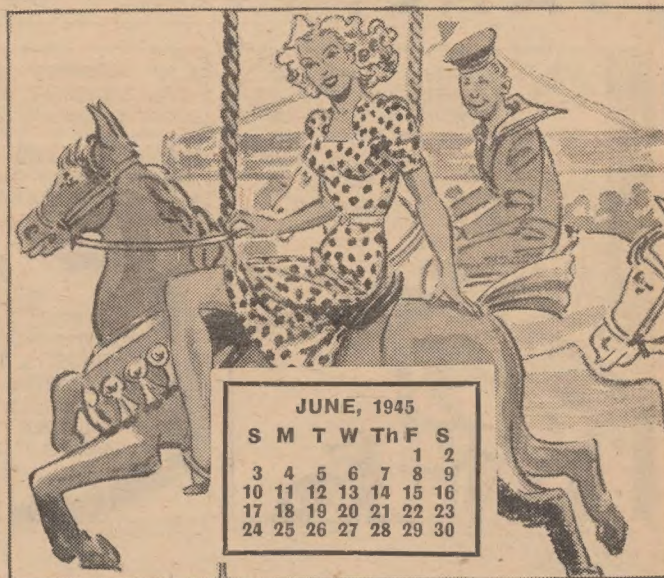
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**MAY, 1945**

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**JUNE, 1945**

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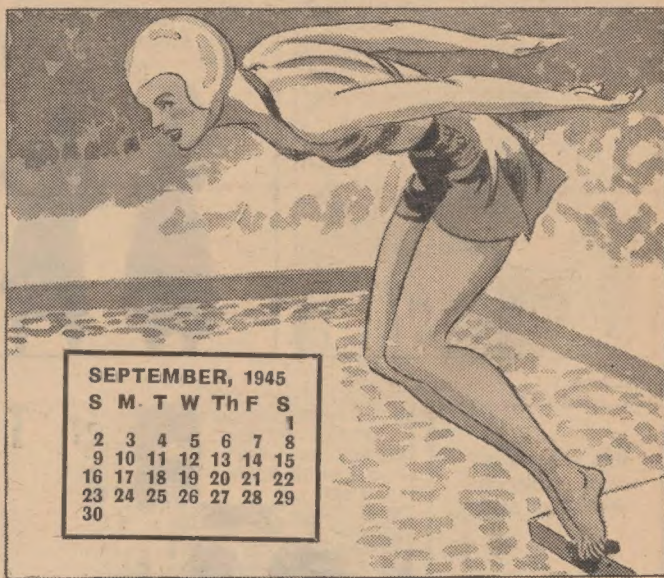
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**AUGUST, 1945**

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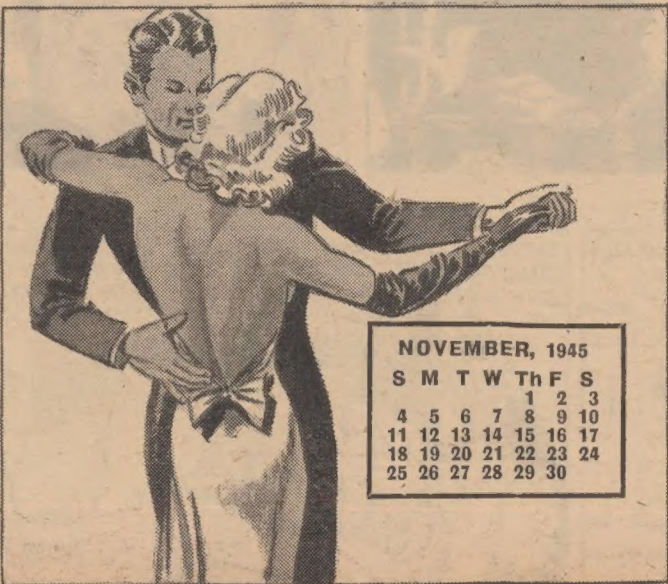
**SEPTEMBER, 1945**

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**OCTOBER, 1945**

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**NOVEMBER, 1945**

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**DECEMBER, 1945**

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